

The Omen  
40:6  
Majestic



# 9-11 TRUTH COMMITTEE

F. Stewart-Taylor- Cis Scum

Grace Willey - The Reptiles

B Corfman - Cosmetic Surgery

Jesse Ide - Margaret Thatcher

Jonathan Gardner -New Jersey State Governor  
Chris Christie

Joseph Drombowski - Bears

POLICY

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

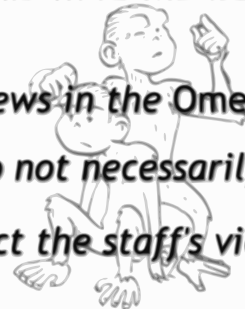
Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or F. Stewart-Taylor, box 1092

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

**Views in the Omen (5)**

**Do not necessarily (7)**

**Reflect the staff's views (5)**



## EDITORIAL

So last month, the Omen celebrated its 20th anniversary of existence, a milestone commemorated by us slaughtering a pig (or rather, paying Outlook Farms to slaughter it for us) and devouring its roasted carcass out on the library lawn. As we feasted upon its porcine innards, some of the many Omen alums who had joined us for the day took a look at a few of our most recent issues.

They were not happy with what they saw.

Our layout has gone to shit, there are too many apologies, and, in short, we've grown too soft. We've strayed too far from our hateful, contemptuous roots, and it's time that changed. One of our slogans is "We hate so you don't have to." We need to live up to that again.

The following issue represents a return to form for The Omen. There is nothing concrete that's actually different about it; the content is still submitted by you, the readers (and also by the Omen staff when we find or make shit that we think is funny), and we still laid it out without any regard to legibility, but symbolically, this issue is about as hateful as you can get. This is signified by the majestic horse bookending the front and back pages; just as our glorious predecessors hated all the bullshit Hampshire kids made them publish, so too do we, the metaphorical back page, hate what you make us publish. We will still publish it because that's what we're here for, but know that we hate it. Just as those horses hate you.

Speaking of horses, we've got lots of EXCITING CONTENT for you in this issue. Most of it consists of either a spirited diatribe against the dangers of political absolutism from your favorite contributor or some bizarre starfish erotica or something? Because both of these pieces are so fucking long, they run parallel to each other, separated by

a squiggly line thing. Okay? I just explained that to you, so if anyone complains to me that they don't get the layout I don't care. In addition to that, we're introducing a new section: the Apology Corner, for all your apologetic needs! We've also got a healthy helping of dragons fucking cars, because nothing says "we hate things" like dragons fucking cars. Those are basically the three main themes of this issue. There's also some other random stuff, but who gives a shit about that.

I'd also like to give a shout-out to Marie Johnson from C.L.A., who has been incredibly supportive of the Omen in spite of our overwhelming amounts of spite and cursing (there's a lot of cursing), and in general is just a shining beacon of light on this campus. Thanks, Marie!

So enjoy perusing this issue. It's in full color for your enjoyment, so you know your tuition money's being well-spent.

Your loving (hating) signer,  
Jonathan Gardner

## Jesse's Apology Corner

### Jesse Ide

"I'd like to retract and apologize for my article about bathrooms published in the previous issue. While the contents of the article are still true, the method was overly alarmist and in some portions written from a misinformed standpoint. Unfortunately, by the time I decided to retract the article, the issue had already gone to print. I'd especially like to apologize to the Trans Policy Taskforce for any problems I may have caused for them. "

"I'd like to apologize to the poets and potential readers of N.A.'s response letter to the Omen. When I laid things out the way I did, I genuinely believed it was clear what was going on and that it was easy to read. I've since come to terms with the idea that I'm not very good at laying out sections of the Omen without fucking things up. The most recent layout I made an intentional point to abstain from laying out any of the sections (though I did work on re-arranging some things when we had to make additional room while keeping a certain page count, just because it was a tedious task nobody else was wanting to do)

I do believe that the Omen should be a publication for everyone's voices to be heard and heard legibly. My barometer for what counts as legible has just been kinda broken. You can be rest assured that terrible jumbling of your work hasn't been done in this issue and won't be done in future issues by me. (I can't promise that other people won't keep doing it, but you can look at it if it happens and think "at least Jesse Ide isn't responsible for it this time, I fucking hate that guy and if he had done this I'd be so much madder.")

My deepest sorries,  
Jesse Ide"

## "Against Political Absolutism" and Picture of Concerned White Man by Nathan Anecone

Trigger warning: Horribly, this essay displays some measure of independent thought and free will about political questions. Terrifyingly, it may cause you to question your beliefs. If that frightens you, you probably shouldn't read it.

This is a plea to abandon everything that is misconceived about politics at Hampshire College. Tired of being harried by the nonsense that passes for political thinking on this campus, I have decided to wage unmitigated warfare on its mainstream attitudes. It is a long shot but my hope is that this tract will displace the warped belief system which infects Hampshire College's politics so that a better way of thing can take root. It is time to do away with the self-deprecating, militant nonsense which has for decades indoctrinated otherwise promising young minds. Now comes the time to break the propaganda which stymies all independent thought with banal incantations and truisms.

The goal is to revolutionize the value system of the college. Failing that, it is to point out the idiocy, hypocrisy and exclusiveness of the prevailing framework. I may not succeed in either task. Nevertheless it is my hope that I can at least sap some of the authority out of it by revealing its absurdity and to articulate what many might be thinking but who are too afraid to say it because of the existing order. Those who have already been thoroughly indoctrinated will surely demonize me, as I have been demonized before for freely publicizing my views. To the depths of outer space. This is not a good way to make friends. But who would want to befriend a lackey programmed only to enforce political correctness and to squash all deviant thought? These types drain the promise of this school with their callow smugness. They promote a pacifying and inert system

Hey Everyone,

So I'd like to apologize to Omen Kid and Fiona, who are currently shooting me mean glares for all the apologizes I've submitted to this issue. They were both intended to be in the previous issue but I was too late, which I'm also sorry for. I've completely saturated the issue with apologies and it's clear I've upset them since Omen Kid is flipping a switchblade knife open and closed again while flexing his tattooed biceps in such a manner as to make his cobra tattoo appear to be slithering. Fiona is reciting a Shakespeare monologue and it feels vaguely threatening? I feel like a dark aura is emanating from her scornful judgmental glare and shivers are rolling up my spine. So I'm hoping that by apologizing to the for basically ruining this issue with all my apologies will make them calm down and want to be friends with me. I don't know what I'd do without being able to continue to add "Omen Staffer" to my long list of accomplishments. Oh god, that snake tattoo seems like it's staring at me. . . Omen Kid's bushy chest hair is poking out of his flannel shirt, clearing concealing bulging pecs. Oh my, is Fiona carving threats into the wall? I guess I should finish this apology already and submit it for my life's sake. I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Oh God! I didn't know Omen Kid could be so vicious!

-Jesse Ide

that is untenable in the real world. I hope to expose this foolishness here. I for one am tired of being bullied by pseudo-fascist leftists hiding behind sugary sweet imagery of flowers, rainbows and peace signs. (For the record, I'm about as conservative as a gay pride parade.) This essay is partly a record of my impressions as a white male whose every reflex has been subject to relentless scrutiny by the dominant system at the college. Being male and white, and thus having absolute power of the fate of the galaxy like the emperor from Star Wars, practically half the academic machine at HC runs on the ruthless dissection of my "identity group" as though they were primitive lab specimens without feelings. Well I've had it. I'm fed up with the bullshit and posturing. It is time someone brought the hammer down on this silliness.

No doubt some of the purveyors of this illustrious magazine—you know who you are—will ridicule these words before they

are given a chance. Well then, I hope these words embody everything you revile and struggle against. The time for passivity has ended. The emperor has no clothes and the god (of political correctness) is dead. Perhaps one day I will look back on everything I say here and in a moment of clarity realize what I was doing was wrong and evil. If that day ever comes it seems far away indeed. I pen this with some remorse. Had I not been treated so rudely just for speaking out, I would be much more conciliatory today. But I have taken enough humiliation. Consider this manifesto retaliation for those who inflicted so much emotional pain on me simply for expressing opinions different from theirs. I make no claims to present an orderly thesis. My aim is to put down a set of examples about what is so flawed and diseased about politics at this college. The sequence and arrangement is irrelevant to that purpose. So



# Vol. 40, #6 · The Omen CLAN OF THE STARPEOPLE

By Bertha Screechbird  
Submitted Cara Iacaponi

## About the Author

Bertha Screechbird, Junior Mints enthusiast, is a sensual and experienced author who specializes in tantalizingly unusual erotica that pushes the boundaries of your deepest desires. She was born in the bathroom of Wal-Mart. She was raised in the back of a used book store and her only source of entertainment was shelves upon shelves of used romance novels sold for \$5 even though they were originally sold for \$5. In her spare time, she likes to make paintings with her boobs. Her other novels include Dubstep Vampires, Nuns in Space, and Choad Pavilion.

## Chapter One:

Many cultures have shapeshifters. The primal desires of animals are within all of us. But sometimes, when the stars are aligned correctly, they are more than that. They are reality.

In a small, ocean-side party town where the sand is hot and the people are hotter, beachgoers grind to the beat of the hottest dubstep, worshipping the beach with their bodies like a hymn praising God. Some of these people lead double lives—one life as sexy human party fiends, and the other life as a marine animal so beautiful that they resemble the celestial bodies themselves. You may think this would be a mermaid or a dolphin or another graceful creature—but no, it is nature's most perfect of creations: the starfish.

Nobody knows why these shapeshifters exist, but it probably has something to do with global warming, which is an issue we should all be heavily concerned about. Or are they angels, fallen from the heavens like a gift to mankind? Yes. Or do they come from hell to tempt us into the watery depths with their beauty? Yes. Or did some NASA scientist have a sick fetish? Yes. Or did aliens plant them on earth to tell us how to be attractive? Yes. Or are they evidence of intelligent design? That, too.

turning now to the task at hand...

Before I encountered the political absurdity of HC I was a model of social responsibility. The world was filled with interesting human beings, no matter their color, ways, or preferences. The purposes expressed in the political atmosphere of Hampshire were thus entirely irrelevant. I was troubled to find nonsense proclaimed as though it were the absolute truth. Distressed by this, I found my healthy equilibrium—which never posed a threat to anyone who was different from me—disrupted at every turn. For the first time I became self-conscious about issues of gender, race, class, and sexuality. Sure not a bad thing, But now it seemed the whole cosmos hinged on these topics—as if every gesture, thought and deed carried traces of their significance, and as if there were some correct mode of conduct that must be engaged for all of these states of affairs—or else. Suddenly, under constant pressure to feel insecure about my attitudes on these issues—attitudes which were healthy and properly socialized

until they were tampered with by the warped political atmosphere of the campus, I found myself plunged into self-conscious fear that every gesture or utterance I made would violate one of many convoluted strictures. So much for innocence. It was the first casualty of what I will call political absolutism. This is the widely and implicitly espoused view that every atom and quantum of energy in the universe has some political significance. Less hyperbolically, it is the perspective that every expression has at least nominal political content. This politicization is unavoidable, indelible, and constant. Like masses swayed by the gravitational field nothing can escape it. Political absolutism has a firm stranglehold on campus operations today; one is lucky if you can draw a breath without offending some refined sensibility. Hampshire students are trained to spot deficient conduct in these matters like an ornithologist is trained

to notice the fine tail markings that differentiate two species of bird. Absolutism is nasty when applied to anything, but applied to politics it's downright foul. Ever since the first ape had brains enough to con his neighbor with a scheme, politics has been about the manipulative control of thought and action by the strong over the weak. The only time it has been otherwise is when the weak, through cumulative swarming effects, manage to overpower the strong, the well-heeled, the intelligent, the connected. Whether we like it or not politics will always be dominated by the best murderers. The problem is that violence always puts the agents of violence in a league outside the nonviolent. They have the possibility to eliminate the competition. This fundamental asymmetry assures that the monopolies of violence or the threat thereof will always be central to successful politics. Politics

complicates, violence simplifies. There you have the formula of history. Successful politics always entails the leveraging of a dominant system over and above a weaker system. The weaker system is driven to extinction. So it is and so it will ever be no matter how rosy or benign your politics. Regardless of how pleasant your political views, political success is measured only by domination. We might wish this wasn't so, but that won't change anything. Who would want to universalize politics, this most dirty and despicable of practices? You might as well universalize serial killing. The product of the universionalization of politics is a sense of constant anxiety, where everyone must measure their every word against a nauseatingly complex list of stipulations and demands. The nitpicking is inexhaustible. Language, thought, choices—it is all folded into one universal, undying political battleground. Those who speak out of line are humiliated and minimized. It is



One such shapeshifter, spawned from Neptune's loins, was a particularly attractive one. He was the most bro-ey bro ever. He had enough hair gel to use it to write numbers on mirrors. His name was Fabio.

His girlfriend's name was Linda Wimba. And, unfortunately, she was not a starfish. Alas, she had not been blessed with shapeshifting powers. She could not understand Fabio's struggles with his starfish identity.

Part of the reason Fabio was initially attracted to her was her excellent physique, but mostly it was her name—which was so melodious, that you would think it was a mermaid's song.

However, their love could not last, because of the barrier between them.

One night, after a long day of hardcore partying, Fabio and Linda Wimba went to the seaside to discuss their complex relationship.

"I have something to tell you, Linda Wimba," Fabio said muscicularly.

"You are bisexual," said Linda Wimba.

"Yes, but there is something else," Fabio replied.

"You are also a starfish," Linda Wimba said.

Fabio looked into Linda Wimba's liquid, shining eyes, as liquid and shiny as the ocean. "How did you know?" Fabio exclaimed woefully.

Linda Wimba tossed her ebony hair. "It was in my horoscope," she responded.

Fabio's abs rippled in anger. "You're a whore-o-scope," he said. "Also you can't DJ for shit."

"I just can't handle your double lifestyle," said Linda. "And I don't mean being bisexual."

Just then, the moon emerged from behind a curtain of wispy cloud, baring its full moon face.

Fabio looked up in horror. "Oh shit," he said, and he turned into a starfish.

Linda Wimba picked up Fabio by one of his stubby starfish appendages, and tossed

him like a Frisbee into the dark ocean depths.

Fabio sank into the waves and whispered, "I guess this is goodbye."

## Chapter Two

Fabio felt the undercurrent whispering around his limbs like a sensual massage. His human desires were forgotten as he settled into the sand like Mother Earth's son. He felt as if he could fuck a galaxy of other starfishes, and then do it again. He was liberated. "Fuck Linda Wimba and her human orifices!" That thought made him sad, because he would never see them again ... or would he?

Meanwhile, as he pinwheeled through the sand like an erect tumbleweed, he began to hear the soft whirring of a boat motor. It was like a giant cat purring, or like a vibrating dildo swimming gracefully through the water. He wistfully remembered how Linda Wimba loved her nude midnight boat rides across the harbor.

Fabio felt the sand tremble beneath his tentacles, and he knew that the boat was approaching rapidly.

Linda Wimba pressed her bare foot against the pedal of the boat and shot across the water like an ejaculation. She loved the feel of the salty air on her rosy, euro-sized nipples. In the backseat of the boat, Stella Starr read her horoscope. She was also naked. They were tired from the nude beach where they had been all day, and they hadn't even brought any clothes, which is why they were still naked.

Fabio recognized the loud purring of Linda Wimba's boat, Wimba's Pleasure Barge. He started to cry salty tears that melted into the salty ocean. He only had time to lift one of his numerous appendages before the propeller gave him its sensuous kiss of death, slicing through him as if he were fresh calamari.

an altogether dismal atmosphere—filled with dour zealots too sure of the truth and who are interested only in securing control over what counts as acceptable discourse.

It was clear from the start that PC people weren't trying to encourage independent thinking about any of the issues they promoted. All they wanted was to transmit their one, impregnable evangelical conception. Immediately this put me at odds with them. It was about usurpation, of rendering the mark defenseless by exposing their vulnerabilities. It was about guilt, shame, and emotional distortion. I remember when I lost my PC virginity. It is an unforgettable part of every Hampshire student's college experience.

She gave it to me hard. We were discussing homosexuality—in that remorselessly metallic way customary to political absolutists. We spoke about it as a mortician would a cadaver, with a sort of pale and sticky calculation. I told her how I wished to get more involved

with LGBT activism. Perhaps I could volunteer at a center for neglected LGBT youth, or help questioning dudes dispel the illusions and lies which they have been conditioned to believe about same-sex romance. I felt proud of myself for saying it. I would've never had the courage to say something like that in highschool! Expressionless, she took a drag of her cigarette and said, "that's something to say for a presenting white male." At first I didn't know how to process this. What sort of robot cult speech was it? It surely wasn't normal. Nothing I said had any relevance to my race or sex, not rationally. Anyone could have said it and it would carry similar shades of meaning and authenticity. Yet she said it anyway, as if acting on reflex. The whole ordeal turned me off from pursuing my stated ambition. If this is the kind of person who gets involved with activism, I'd much rather prefer the usual heartless survival of the fittest in the wilderness of everyday

American life.

Of course I could not draw any sympathy for calling such remarks racist or sexist. White males, I have learned, deserve the same amount of dignity and respect as raw sewage. There was another delightfully educative experience that broke me into the campus political scene. It regards a politically charged message I wrote for this very same magazine, *About Privilege*, about a year or so ago. It was a trashy, impulsive and mistaken rant which I now disown. In my naiveté I misconstrued certain signals and complained about "stares on campus". In response to this one day, while I was walking back from class, a group of about thirty selfless social justice activists caught me outside the library. "That's him!" shouted one in the lynch mob. Then I see thirty people staring me down all by myself. They wanted me to feel isolated, naked, exposed and powerless. They wanted to break my spirit. From that day forward I swore to combat

everything those fanatics stood for. What is the point of this posturing? Either this radicalism is purposeful—meaning it has a goal which must rationally terminate, bringing it to a concrete final end, or it is some kind of holdover of the most provocative habits and gestures from the civil rights movement concentrated like mold in the only place it can grow: a small private liberal arts college in western Massachusetts. If the former is the case, it isn't being gone about the right way. If the latter is true, and I suspect it is, these righteous little political actions are tissues of pantomime and disguise. History has always had a brutal side and the strong have always found reasons to crush the weak. But it has gotten better—especially in liberal ass western Massachusetts. What good does it serve to invert the bigotry of the extreme right wing with such iron resolve and intolerance? In a tiny liberal arts college like this where most of the student body comes from

F. Stewart-Taylor



educated and open minded families the vigilance displayed by the PC police is overkill. Here it can do nothing but cycle back and forth in its incestuous, inbred breeding ground. The worst thing about campus politics is its smarmy infallibility. Except for fundamentalist religionists, rarely does one find such immense conviction. It is that pasty gleam in the eye which thinks all truths have been revealed to it. Nothing is more corrosive to learning than a true believer. And that's what this politics produces: clone-like minds, whose value system can be predicted with confidence before even a single word is exchanged with them. It's not about cultivating critically aware individuals. It's about creating copies off the same uniform template. An ethics of acceptance and inclusion is preached, but heaven forbid someone has conservative views! Little here saves a conservative from being pitchforked in the gut. As

someone who has been on the receiving end of the campus establishment's pitiless suppression of dissent, I know too well what's in store for someone with the courage to speak up for themselves. Any statement that is not in exact accord with the hallowed and infallible tenets of feminism or queer theory or Marxism is given the hose. Anyone who disagrees is immediately equated with oppression. Those who profit by aligning their beliefs with the status quo leverage their supposed moral superiority over you. The dissenter is made to feel a scoundrel because he is affiliated with oppressive structures by default. As a psychological ploy this is savagely effective. It is an excellent way to make emotionally sensitive young people compliant. The temperament of political thinking is unmistakably proselytizing and neither inquisitive nor investigative. The correct answer is already established and must be propagated. There is no search. This is farcical conduct for an educational institution. As a new age cult it passes wonderfully. ( I raise this accusation

against the machine of political analysis at HC. It does not extend to the other schools of inquiry.)

The campus thought police make it clear that too much deviation of opinion will not be tolerated. The first step is to publically shame the dissenter and to associate them with evil—or to use the politically whitewashed term, "oppression". Then they are ostracized and made to feel invisible. If they haven't by now transferred out or killed themselves their only option is to surrender and submit to the general will. Once their spirit is broken then they are ready to have the truth thrust down their gullet. This may sound incredible but I speak from firsthand experience. Satan would be hard pressed to do better in devouring the souls of the damned. The use of these cloy disarming tactics, when combined with an infallibility complex, makes debating one of these PC enforcers a

hopelessly futile affair. One might as well plant tree seeds on the moon and expect them to grow.

Is it really that bad? No doubt some of what campus politics accomplishes is at least marginally good. To the extent that it provides a place for people to freely express themselves (so long as that self happens to be queer or female) the work is serviceably good. For the most part it is a hypocritical charade filled with empty rhetoric and moralistic posturing to no end. Occasionally when there is a concrete goal involved the politics organizes into a decent operation, especially when the student body must squelch one of the administration's bad ideas. Overall, at least it seems to me, campus politics is singly an outlet for upper middle class kids to get their jollies congratulating themselves for being so righteous. The natural rebuttal to all of this takes the form: "But wouldn't Hampshire be unrecognizable if we got rid of its obnoxious political atmosphere?" Exactly, that's precisely what it needs.





To become unrecognizable is to have changed. In change there is the hope of improvement.

What should change is the definition of "radicalism". Here it popularly means behaving uncompromisingly to cultivate extreme vigilance against even the slightest slip of the tongue or perversion of thought. It means psychologically manipulating the impressionable to control other's beliefs. Radicalism that refuses the power and accuracy of science is doomed to obsolescence. Radicalism that merely critiques without positing alternatives or crafting new structures will spark no fires, can inspire no movement. Generative capacities are exactly what are neglected by the present orientation towards critique. Criticism is a negatory: it gives you less than what you started with, it breaks things down. What needs to be taught

is how to design solutions, a positive act. There is no doubt that the present state of affairs is decadent. Social justice activism is more about career advancement than saving the world. It is a ritual. Once the trials are passed the inductee is granted access to the tight knit halls of the elite intelligentsia. Ultimately it boils down to a self-serving and perpetuating industry, one that profits off the exposure and identification (and fabrication?) of oppressive structures. If we were to wake up tomorrow to find all things equal and everybody rosy, what would become of this brand of politics? The answer is that progressive social studies departments would be foreclosed. Progressive politics has become another commodity. Not that Hampshire College should turn itself into a terrorist training camp. In themselves the causes are worthy, although some, like the Palestinian-Israeli crisis, seem to have been picked from out of a hat. Politics is important. The point

is that it is not everything, is not in everything. The contemporary world, with its vast populations, rapidly evolving advanced technology, and interconnected communication systems, calls for novel experimental ideas to explain it and to show us how to act. If new ideas were introduced into the flow of the college perhaps an injection of zest would flood its veins and do away with the lethargy that characterizes much of the campus scene. Hampshire College of all places is best poised to absorb and incorporate novel concepts and practices. It was intended as the college of the future. It is time we make it that way.

When views are commonplace they cease to be radical. At most they are the vanguard for a new order. The notion that the leftist politics

are somehow transgressive or revolutionary is a tiresome cliché. The true answer is that yesteryear's revolution becomes today's establishment. As with all settled systems, the status quo of the campus scene shows signs of sclerosis. Too comfortable, it grows lax. Too confident, it ceases to improve. Unquestioned, it fades into the backdrop as assumed reality.

If there is anybody out there who thinks like me, you have been strikingly silent. I have not articulated a concrete program here. It is too early a phase. All I can hope for is that I speak for somebody other than myself. If the dross of pseudo-fascism were demolished, a little more light would shine on this place. Who knows what flowers would bloom if those who were patronized or made to feel outsiders by the political orthodoxy had their own needs, viewpoints, and ambitions articulated? If the rhetoric of acceptance and inclusion means anything at all, if it is anything more than another disarming



Linda Wimba wasn't even fazed. She was too busy driving the boat with one hand and massaging her nipples with the other.

Fabio's world fractured into blackness as his flesh was fractured into pieces. The sea was tinted red with his crimson blood. His last memory was of nestling into the sand and regretting not telling his bros that they were all right and regretting that he had not fucked all the starfish in the ocean.

He blacked out and woke up at a crowded beach side mansion party. He did not know how he was still alive, how he got there, or why he wasn't a starfish, but he did know that his hands were full of tits.

From across the room he saw an ass that was almost as sexy as his own ass. He decided to make a move. He threw the tits aside and swaggered toward the sexy ass. He leaned in closely to the sexy godlike owner of that ass and whispered in his ear, "Do I have consent to touch that mighty fine ass of yours?" to which the sexy ass twerked in morse code--first one butt cheek, then the other. The answer was "yes." Fabio casually reached out his hand and grabbed a piece of that sexy ass. It was perfect and firm and perfect in its perfection between his squeezing fingers.

The ass began to twerk enthusiastically. This was a good sign. Mating rituals were much more complicated in a human body than in a starfish body. But starfish are lacking in one important quality--ass. And that ass was the finest both above the ocean and below.

But something about it felt eerily familiar. It was almost like he had felt it before. "Do I know you?" he said.

And the stranger turned around. Fabio gasped in exhilarated arousal. It was like looking in a mirror of sex.

"Well I'll be a shit-covered dick!" Fabio ejaculated passionately.

There had been rumors that when starpeople break in half they could regenerate into soul mates, but no one had been brave enough to try.

The stranger was completely naked, except he was wearing a nametag sticker above his waxed nipple that read, "Hello! My name is Gustavo. ☐"

ploy, then it is time to abandon the faulty system as it stands.

The final point I will make is this: you lose something special and unique by assuming the stance of political absolutism. By having commentators outside of the political spectrum, artists and the like can transcend the hobnob and scheming that defines politics. All political views are relative, and are therefore conditioned by their oppositions. There are more direct, natural, and organic paths to justice and truth. They may not be popular--because they require independent thinking--but they are genuinely worthwhile.

What remains below is an appendix of sorts. I make some remarks about several hot topic political issues on the campus scene.

\*\*\*Classicism: There is much sympathy on campus with socialist ideas that proclaim the uplifting of the poor, mobilizing the working class, and redistributing the

wealth of the inordinately rich. Each of these sounds like good ideas, in principle. In practice, it just doesn't get off the ground. I wouldn't be surprised if half of the Hampshire student body has never even stepped foot in a working class neighborhood. And if they do, it is to indulge a curiosity, like visiting the zoo. Anyone who has lived in a working class urban environment will immediately realize that the Marxist fantasy of mobilizing the proletariat is hopelessly misconceived. Working class neighborhoods are filled with dregs and creeps, diddlers and crooks, villains and perverts and tricksters. For every hardworking family just trying to get by, for every single mother who tries her best or friendly elderly man, there is three or more crooks ready to jack up your car or beat you senseless to cop your shoes. Don't think for a second these

The bass had dropped hard. As hard as Fabio's dick was right now. He could guess what was going on in Gustavo's mind. It was pretty dirty. It was as dirty as the bass dropping like a thousand anchors of a fleet of the ships of lust.

Gustavo said, "I have a surprise for you, Fabio."

"How did you know my name?"

"I know more than your name. I know your soul. And better than that, I know how you like it."

Fabio clutched at his luscious hair. "Oh my baby lord," he exclaimed. He wrapped his arm erotically around Gustavo's waist and they danced through the crowd, bodies grinding, iced teas being consumed, until they were out into the fresh ocean-side air.

Fabio said, "Let us make love as we were created--under the stars."

"Yes, but we should get a little farther away from the party," said Gustavo. "I don't want anyone else joining in." He laughed melodically.

They held hands and galloped towards the edge of the ocean, where the waves were caressing the sand. The waves continued to caress the sand as the two men caressed each other's muscular thighs. Gustavo, already naked, had nothing left to take off except his nametag, which he stripped from his flesh and threw into the ocean. "You know who I am," he said.

Fabio gazed into his lover's eyes and grabbed the nametag from the water. "That is littering," he said, and ate the nametag seductively, for he had had no nourishment that day except the dirty beats of the dubstep.

They both guffawed simultaneously, and through that they knew that they would probably cum simultaneously, because they were the same person up until that moment. They bro-fived each other, their sweaty palms meeting like two sexy ships in the night. It was most definitely LOVE. The ocean water frothed around their ankles, a beautiful sight in the light of the waning gibbous moon.

They fucked passionately until sunrise, joined together like the horizon line between sea and sky. But this time it was guy on guy.

people will accept your bright-eyed offer of salvation. They won't even know what you're talking about. They will resent your patronizing educated airs.

These people (who I grew up around) are used to scraping by without help. They are suspicious of book smarts. Television, alcohol, and a distracted lifestyle have leveled their ability to think abstractly. They are ignorant of much of the world beyond the small city blocks they've been confined to their entire lives. There's nothing particularly redemptive about them as a demographic. That Marxists dress them up as the hope of humanity is a scandal. (Not that they should be marginalized more than they already are--just that what's there should be seen for what it really is.)

Moreover, what is to be gained by this school's absurd habit of guilt-tripping those who have lucked out? I can't tell what is worse, the liberal rich kid that has been given all the breaks and all the handouts,

who whimpers with impotent remorse about their undeserved luck, or the pitiless finance major at an Ivy, who embraces their power and privilege and dominance over others and their future of cushy Wall Street gigs, lines of coke, and limousines packed with simpering call girls. Both, it seems to me, feed the problem in their own ways.

It is vital to expose the endemic wealth inequality in the world today. It is surely the great social crisis of our time. But what counts is action. It seems that "facilitating discussion" about class issues is just another way to pay lip service to a huge social problem to provide cover for a thoroughly classist institution to proceed unchecked.

(\$50,000+ a year tuition, automatic enrollment for students who can pay full tuition regardless of academic credentials, a general air of elitism and social exclusivity...) I say, better to be honest than to wear a mask of false

The morning light shimmered on the water, which was suddenly interrupted by bubbles. Was it Neptune, praising their passionate union? Alas! It was not Neptune, but another sea creature ... a maiden. None other than Linda Wimba! She had been hiding in the water with her snorkeling gear and watching them the entire time, and rubbing herself enthusiastically. Just as soon as she was there, she disappeared like the elusive giant squid that had only been photographed one time in Japan.

### Chapter Three

Linda Wimba submerged into the water like an erotic submarine and swam along the coastline until she reached the spot of the beach where she had left her sequined pink beach bag. Linda removed her bejeweled iPhone and speed-dialed Stella's number. The speed dial was 2. Her ringtone was Nickelback's glorious panty-dropping ballad, "Photograph." The sound washed into her ear like an angel's kiss.

"Hello," Stella answered seductively.

"Stella," Linda Wimba said. "You will never guess what I have seen!"

Stella said, "What? Is Forever 21 having a sale on bras?"

"I'm sure they are. But no! I saw my ex-boyfriend Fabio making love in the ocean waves with a sexy clone of himself! ... It was hot, but I am SO CONFUSED."

Stella Starr contemplated this tidbit of news, as she sorted her panty drawer according to the Dewey decimal system. "Hmm," she purred. "That does sound hot."

"I can't believe that Fabio dumped me for his clone! Except I dumped him. But still, he has the audacity to have sex with his own clone! Although to his

credit, who wouldn't want to do that?

"Do you think this has anything to do with the fact that he is ... a starfish?" Linda Wimba inquired.

"Yes, I believe it does," said Stella Starr. "On Wikipedia, it claims that when a starperson is torn in half, the two halves can create two perfectly sexy clones. Oh, and Linda Wimba, there's something I should tell you."

"What is it?" her dear friend asked.

"Why, I am also a starperson, just like your ex-boyfriend Fabio who fucks his clone."

"Well I'll be a shit-covered dick!" Linda Wimba screamed into her iPhone so loudly that the jewels fell off of it and the seagulls screamed. Then she said, "Can you bite me and make me a starperson too?"

"No," said Stella. "You watch too much HBO."

Linda Wimba felt so betrayed that she flung her iPhone into the sea. But then she decided they were besties and she didn't give a fuck. But she did give a fuck that now her iPhone was in Neptune's Lost and Found.

Meanwhile, Stella Starr had finished sorting her panty drawer. She reached into the back of it, and retrieved her special, custom-made starfish-shaped dildo. She had a starfish fetish, and the thought of two sexy clone starpeople making love in the ocean was the sexiest thing she had ever heard. Ever. Therefore, she felt compelled to use her dildo straightaway. While she used it, she fantasized about doing her own sexy clone. She became so in love with herself that she began to formulate a genius plan to make her fantasy a reality.

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In order to carry out her plan, Stella Starr had to wait until the next full moon, when she would next transform into her starfish form.

compassion.

\*\*\*The Palestine-Israel issue: Here is a case of political whimsy. Of all causes, why is this one of such major interest? I do not deny its stabbing human urgency—what I question is its relation to the collegiate environment. There are at least a thousand domestic issues worthy of equivalent or greater attention. The Israel-Palestine conflict is a stock crisis, chosen because of its plain and obvious themes of majority-minority oppression. With a little imagination many pressing close-to-home issues deserve to be addressed with the same candor and heat. They are ignored, however, because they are not high notoriety topics.

\*\*\*Male Privilege: Here is a case of feminist propaganda aimed at undermining the confidence of college age males. The strategy is to grind the self-esteem of young men down so that they will see their behavior as extensions of patriarchal domination—only to pave the way for feminist to glumly consolidate power in liberal sectors. Conspiracy

theory, right? It looks like that on the surface, but only an insider knows. Young men have no guidance or principles to chart their life by as men. Unlike young women who have feminism, young men flounder in a cultural backwash of misshapen conceptions.

We can be certain that portrayal of males, white males especially, as an inordinately privileged demographic is helping to feed the spate of mass shootings across the U.S. perpetrated mostly by white males. Clearly, something is amiss with this social grouping if they are exhibiting such high levels of psychosis. Liberal propaganda that displays white males as an overly advantaged demographic encourages societal alert mechanisms to pass them by. After all they have everything easy. The reality is that many young white males are deeply estranged and culturally unmoored. If anything they require special attention. The proponents of these spiteful ideas are as responsible for these atrocities as oblivious parents, fragmentation of the

family, absurd gun laws, America's cultural fetishization of violence, hate ideologies, and absentminded school officials.

\*\*\*Trigger warnings: At the risk of sounding insensitive (as if that matters at this point) let me point out first that we all have pain and many of us have suffered traumas. It would be a bastardly thing for me to tell someone else how they should deal with their trauma, so I won't. I will instead only discuss my personal coping strategies and debate the efficacy of trigger warnings as mechanisms of alleviation.

I find what works for me is not to avoid bad memories—which leaves them raw and you unprepared to process them—but to confront them directly. Better to relive an awful experience and so to become desensitized to it than to be its prey. Trigger warnings represent the soft-brained desire

to coddle vulnerable people in order to guard them against their own feelings. It is an infantilizing gesture.

Personally I have found that by ploughing through my negative memories and terrors I gain a powerful immunity from them. Painful emotional associations gather potency the longer they are left to fester dormant. Trigger warnings keep survivors in a state of brittleness by reminding them that they are subject to triggers at every turn. If you follow my method (and not the feminists') you will find this is simply not so. Facing your traumas is the only way to recognize they are but shadows. It is only by revisiting past trauma that the memories can be identified as projections which you can control. Being triggered is not fun, but neither is athletic conditioning or boot camp—unpleasant experiences which nevertheless leave you more resilient if you come out the other end intact.

An unexpected triggering is actually helpful to that affect. It shows you how permeable you mental fortifications are. Experience a surprise triggering a few times and eventually you will

Fabio and Gustavo had been partying on the beach non-stop every day for a month. Their only sustenance was pizza. But they still had killer abs because of all the sex they'd been having. It had burned a lot of calories.

Stella walked down to the beach only wearing her birthday suit. It was a full moon, and the silvery moonlight illuminated her perky, bouncing breasts. She ran through the hot sand, which was hot from people having sex on it, until she reached the water's edge. The waves licked sensually at her defined ankles, frothing into white foam--the color of jizz. It was as if the ocean itself wanted to ejaculate all over her.

As she waded deeper into the water, Stella began to transform into her starfish form. Her long, smooth legs and toned arms shrunk into a starfish's tentacles. Now she was small enough that she could easily drift through the ocean's currents. To carry out the rest of her genius plan, all she would need was something with which to sever herself.

Stella tried to think up sharp objects which would help to divide her sexy body in half. Perhaps she could use a broken tin can. Or maybe she would encounter a friendly swordfish. Or she could use Linda Wimba's sharp wit.

But alas, none of these things were available to her at the moment. The ocean was as vast and deep as the depths of her psyche. But it was as empty as a cup of morning coffee after it has been drunk.

Stella Starr was beginning to lose hope. Her fantasies of fucking her own clone were probably never going to come true. But then, she spotted the glint of metal buried in the shifting underwater sand. It was ..... a sunken guillotine!

"That might work," Stella mused.

Wriggling her starfish tentacles in delight, she drifted towards the shiny blade of the guillotine. When at last she reached it, she could already almost feel the separation of her soul into two separate and equally attractive entities.

Stella positioned herself right beneath the guillotine's blade, with all five of her starfish tentacles erect in ecstasy. She was just about ready to slice herself in half.

But just then, two star-shaped shapes came hurtling through the dark water like stars moving across the night sky in slow motion. Stella momentarily forgot her fantasies of cloning herself. "Christ on a cupcake," she thought. "Those are the most attractive starfish I have ever seen in my entire life."

The two male starfish reached Stella. They latched onto her tentacles using their tube feet on the oral face of their arms, and dragged her away from the guillotine's deathly teeth.

Thank you! Stella said to her rescuers via starfish pheromones.

You are welcome, they communicated back to her, waving their tentacles. Why were you under that guillotine in the first place? More importantly, what is that guillotine doing under the sea?

I do not know why it is under the sea, Stella answered.

But why were you trying to cut yourself in half? The sexy male starfishes asked.

Well, said Stella, I have heard tales that starpeople who cut themselves in half will be regenerated into two sexy clones that are able to have sexual relationships with each other.

You don't need more than one of yourself, the male starfishes answered simultaneously, because you are perfect.

Stella blushed so fiercely that the water around her began to boil. I suppose you are right, she said. I am already perfect. You are also both very perfect. Let's have a threesome.

find yourself resistant to suggestion. Finding out which aspects of your psychological functioning you are able to control and which are autonomous is useful information. The whole idea of trigger warnings keeps the problem alive by keeping the wounds from being sealed the only way they can--which is for the survivor to reclaim their experiences.

There is solid evidence to support these claims. A successful therapeutic methodology called cognitive-behavioral therapy subjects the patient to minute triggering stimuli. The goal is to show the patient that these stimuli do not entail painful consequences by successively building up the stimuli used until highly evocative ones are used. The patient is shown that the stimuli are detachable from the painful associations, allowing them to build tolerance and coping skills. This method has proven fairly successful in helping patients

overcome phobias and post-traumatic stress disorder.

\*\*\*Feminists (as agents): What deserves rebuke about feminists is not what they profess or believe--although I think some of their concepts and thinking styles are bunk. What ought to be called out is their pompous condescending attitude which holds themselves exempt from all refutation. Using emotion instead of logic, they define the quality of your argument based on how it makes them feel, not on its rigor or consistency. The typical feminist goes about acting as if they warrant a special, royal respect. Immune from criticism and the laws of logic (this latter thing doubtless a patriarchal construct,) a feminist will argue with you only through guilt-association tactics. Since feminism stands for all that is righteous and just anyone who argues against feminism by implication must be a benighted ghoul. There is an imperialistic quality to feminist behaviors. It is the infallible self-assurance known only to true believers.

To an outsider it is obvious that today's

umpteenth-wave feminism represents an imperial quest. The women's liberation moment, while not totally complete, has most of its successes behind it. Not much more is left to be equalized. What can only remain, therefore, is a consolidation of power and authority. We see this advance happening in the places most receptive to it, secular liberal arts colleges.

\*\*\*Feminism (as value system): To each their own. In my view the feminist framework(s) is reactionary. It stresses conformity and herd mentality under the guise of solidarity, downplays the potentially useful tools of anger and aggression, and would generally have it that we men become tame, docile creatures. All empty rhetoric about equality aside, it is distinctly clear that under the regime of feminism men are to be treated as second class citizens. They have "too much voice" are "overrepresented", the world "is

made in their image". These distortions and half-truths are made to lull men into passivity and guilt, to turn them into "allies": a patronizing, politically correct substitute for "servant".

The founding feminists rightly rebelled against the unwanted structuring of women's life by patriarchal interests. Nevertheless it is patently obvious that the second feminists are given control they will inflict the reverse on males--Hampshire College is a case in point. Now that women's equality, in the west at least, has been made an almost complete reality, it behooves feminism to demonstrate its ability to lead and create. It is as though feminism has not moved one step forward since its inception roughly fifty years ago. Back then these ideas had captivating weight; they were relevant. All feminism has to offer today in liberal ass corners of the U.S is a package of hackneyed phrases for a world that no longer exists. It is the stock ideology for a power grab predicated on the disenfranchisement of men. Like many "radical" systems (I use scare-quotes because a system ceases to

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The two sexy male starfishes accepted Stella's offer. The three of them began to have starfish sex, becoming a delicious tangle of tentacles and tube feet. They continued this for five straight hours.

Then, their human psyches emerged from the depths of their simple, primitive neurosystems. They realized that somewhere out there, there was dirty sexy dubstep on the beach and that they needed to find a beach party immediately. The full moon was almost over, which meant they were human ... and ready to party.

### Chapter Four

They blacked out and woke up at a beach party on the beach. All around them, the air pounded with dubstep like a hammer pounding on things. All three of them instinctually began to twerk. Linda Wimba was DJing--a skill which she had picked up in the last five hours when Stella was having sex with Fabio and Gustavo. Then, Linda Wimba pulled out the nastiest trick she could have ever done. It was the nastiest, most sex-halting move a DJ could ever do. She began to play "Photograph" (the dubstep version) by Nickelback.

LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH. WUB WUB WUB WUB WUB. EVERY TIME I DO IT MAKES ME LAUGH. WUB WUB WUB WUB WUB.

All twerking ceased instantly. People stared like deer in the headlights of a UFO. Arousal was shattered faster than a glass of Long Island iced tea dropping onto the dance floor. The beach had never seen such horrible tunes since that brief time that Rick Astley had a concert there once. Briefly. In the 80's.

Stella, Fabio, and Gustavo could not believe the acoustic betrayal that had just

befallen them--for parties were their religion, and to play Nickelback at such a sacred event was surely blasphemy. They had to stop it at once. Fabio and Gustavo hoisted Stella Starr and threw her through the air, like a javelin, towards the turntable. Stella Starr landed on the stage with celestial grace. She turned to Linda Wimba and stared--the stare that could only be between people who were once friends but are no longer friends.

"Linda Wimba ... after all we've been through ... after all the friendship bracelets we made out of our hair ... after all those times we talked about cute boys and shoplifted excessive amounts of party shit from Spencer's Gifts ... Why, Linda Wimba? Why?!"

"Because," Linda Wimba whispered, "... Because I loved him, and I guess I love Gustavo too. And you know what, Stella Starr? ... I love you. All I ever wanted ... was to be a starfish, to be part of Neptune's Top 8 on MySpace. But you know what? You could never give me that gift, so I have to give you the gift of ... PAIN!" Linda Wimba slapped Stella Starr across the face. That instantly got the club's attention. They were returning from their Nickelback-induced comas. Everyone stood in shock. The club had never been so awkward since that one time Stella Starr's ex-boyfriend pooped himself on the dance floor, while break dancing to some sexy dubstep.

Fabio and Gustavo, as if in slow motion, ran toward the stage.

Linda Wimba said, "If you can turn me into a starfish, Nickelback will never taint this dance floor again."

The three starpeople exchanged glances. "And if we fail?"

"Then all the dubstep in all the beach parties will be permanently replaced with Nickelback."

"But how can you do that, Linda Wimba?" Gustavo cried. "How is that within your power?"

be truly radical after it has been the standard convention for decades) touted in liberal circles, feminism remains confined to academic spheres. As if designed to be unintelligible to the woman of low literacy—who undoubtedly suffer worst from patriarchy—these doctrines use an obscure idiom that takes years of memorization to master. This obscurantism is pragmatic to feminists as a class, because it consolidates authority and prestige in a tiny cabal of intellectual elite. To have any relevance at all feminism has to penetrate the true bastions of women's oppression which are usually poor areas far away from highly policed and secure college campuses.

One of the loopholes of feminism which dooms it as a viable political option is its misguided program to shelter victimized populations. Sheltering them is precisely what will lead to the continuation of the conditions which turn them into victims. The only way to liberate

oppressed groups is to teach them to combat—intellectually and verbally, physically if need be—the structures and agents which oppress them. Simply to shield them from ugly realities will allow those conditions to proceed unmatched and undiminished. Want to stop gay bashing? Forget sitting around in circles and talking about your feelings. Once and only when homophobes or rapists or [insert oppressive demographic here] learn they will be physically and mentally crushed if they deliberately misbehave will the problem go away. Want to get rid of gay bashing? I have one phrase for you: Alexander the Great. You cannot seriously believe the magic fairies of social change will simply slip into the heads of neurological defectives and genetic miscreants and turn them into paragons of harmony. It will take forcefulness to eliminate injustice. Feminists paint traditional "masculinist" practices as devilry, but it no mystery why these practices have ruled the world since

the origin of the species. To liberate the oppressed, these tactics must be appropriated, not wiped out.

\*\*\*Equality: I would point the reader to the short story Harrison Bergson by Kurt Vonnegut. In the story, Harrison is an adolescent boy of remarkable mental and physical endowments living in a society where equality is rabidly enforced by appointed special agents. Sound familiar? The result is a kind of inverted social Darwinism where strong-willed, powerful individuals are culled by shapeless mediocre characters whose sole purpose is to police uniformity by correcting overt expressions of mental independence. While fantastic, Vonnegut's parable takes to a logical extreme the imperative of equalitarianism. Instead of forcing a standardize mold onto everyone, variations and differences should be invited. The strong and intelligent should be permitted to

triumph. They should not be brought down to the level of the incapable simply out of some twisted need for fairness. Resources should not be wasted trying to uplift the mediocre. While overall Hampshire doesn't mirror Harrison Bergson's world, its political atmosphere does. It is a recipe for widespread mediocrity.

If equality is a value we should push for, we must be very clear about what sort of equality it will be. Most kinds of equality are abhorrent, as Vonnegut's story shows. Only political equality is worth fighting for, but even that comes with many attendant complications. The assumption that an equal society is automatically a better society is an unproven conjecture. The status of equality as a relative or absolute value calls for thorough reconsideration.



Linda Wimba said, "Why? Did it take you so long to realize ... I AM ACTUALLY A SEA NYMPH. That is why I can lurk within the ocean depths and have power over mortals' recreational music."

They gasped.

"But why would you want to be a starfish when you already have such power?" said Stella Starr sadly.

"I just really want to fuck my clone," said Linda Wimba.

Gustavio gently took Linda Wimba's hand and removed it from the record that was playing Nickelback so aggressively. He switched to another record--this one a delicious mix of slimy beats.

Linda Wimba said, "There's only one way to help me. And I think I have a plan."

## Chapter Five

The next day, they rose early. It was early ... almost 10 AM, which was the butt crack of dawn for partygoers like them. The only things awake were seagulls and maybe other marine life that had never been blessed with parties beyond the party of life.

Linda Wimba stood on the beach, and waited as Stella, Fabio, and Gustavio strolled across the sand. Linda Wimba led them to her mighty ship, the motor boat, Wimba's Pleasure Barge.

Together, they loaded a boom box, a book of spells, and tanning lotion onto the boat. Linda Wimba assured them that these were ancient sea nymph accoutrements needed to carry out her plan.

Stella Starr flipped her blonde hair over her opposite shoulder in preparation to board the boat. She daintily stepped into the Pleasure Barge. Fabio and Gustavio stepped in, abs rippling with every emotion.

Linda Wimba boarded last, thrusting the boat into the ocean as she climbed in alongside the Starpeople.

The boat purred toward the horizon.

Fabio began to have a strange feeling of déjà vu. Could this moment be from a dream, or an ecstasy-induced party? No! It was as if he remembered a past life. And it was a past life. For what was life without Gustavio?

He remembered that day when he was just one person, dwelling sadly beneath the waves, when a purring boat sped through the ocean and cut him in half with its propeller. Could it have been ... Wimba's Pleasure Barge?

As if reading his mind, Linda Wimba peered over the top of her sunglasses and winked at him. Could this be another one of the sea nymph's seductive powers? Or

was she just getting hot and flustered by the vibrations of the boat? Who gives a shit?

The sun rose higher into the sky, as they sped out into the ocean. All around them, the clear blue waters and the lighter blue of the sky. A lone seagull followed them, perhaps intrigued by the smell of the tanning lotion. As everyone knows, seagulls love to drink tanning lotion to keep their stomachs toasty.

Soon, Linda Wimba stopped the motor. The only sound was water splashing gently against the sides of the boat. Fabio said, "If we are stranded out here forever, who shall we eat first?"

Linda Wimba said, "Why do you care? You could just turn into a starfish, and go into the fucking ocean."

Stella Starr said, "No one is going to do any eating, unless it's of my vagina!"

Everyone shrugged and nodded in agreement.

"Now we begin the ritual!" cried Linda Wimba passionately. It was so quiet, you could hear a dick ejaculate ... which I don't think has a sound detectible by human ears. However, in terms of metaphor, it is very effective.

They quickly began their roles in the ritual. Linda Wimba inserted a Skrillex CD into the boom box. Fabio and Gustavio cracked their knuckles simultaneously. Stella Starr rubbed tanning lotion on herself.

It had begun.

After a few minutes of vigorous chanting to

Skrillex, the water in front of them began to boil. Fish jumped up in fear. The sky itself seemed to darken. Soon, a figure emerged from the depths.

"By Neptune's pubes!" Fabio and Gustavio exclaimed simultaneously. But they were not far off, because it was Neptune himself!

Neptune looked almost exactly like Skrillex, except he had a split fishtail like the Starbucks mermaid, and was wearing boxer shorts woven from seaweed. He held a trident with LEDs on the tips.

Neptune's voice boomed like the bass being dropped. "I summon thee, sirens of the dance!"

Just as the boom box started to play songs that sampled sirens, actual sirens rose up out of the ocean and began beat-boxing to the rhythm of their choice beats.

Neptune exclaimed, "Who summons me? Is it truly you, Linda Wimba, my lost love?"

Linda Wimba said, "Oh yes, great god of the sea! We summon you with your dubstep! We worship you with our dance! And now we ask you a favor."



DRAGON FUCKING CAR SUBMITTED BY F. STEWZ

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Neptune said, "What do you want, Linda Wimba? I have many things to attend to ... like conducting the whale chorus."

Linda Wimba said, "All I want is to be a starfish, to be in tune with the cycle of nature's rhythms, even more than I am already."

And the sirens' beatboxing increased in tempo as the sky began to darken.

### Chapter 6

The sky began to lighten, because the cloud that had been covering the sun drifted away. The occupants of Wimba's Pleasure Barge exchanged sexually tense glances. Neptune must have mistook those glances for nervousness, for he said, "No harm shall come to thee, nymph Wimba, as long as you play by the rules of our CONTRACT."

"Contract?!" said Fabio and Gustavo simultaneously.

"Yes," said Linda Wimba. "I sold my soul so that I could DJ some fresh beats, like a tiger of the dance. Now that my soul is in tune in Neptune's box of souls, I have little to barter for the chance to become a starperson. That is what happens when you live among humans for many years; you become greedy and yearn for the dubstep powers."

"I understand," said Stella Starr. "From the first time my ears were blessed by the sound of Skrillex, I thought I was about to orgasm spontaneously."

Fabio and Gustavo nodded in agreement.

Neptune said, "And that is why I take this form of aquatic Skrillex, mortals." Then he said, "I can give you one more chance, but the price of failure will cut deep into the soul of beach-side parties everywhere, now that Linda Wimba is a key DJ in the scene."

Linda Wimba said, "Give me a chance! Any chance, for the love that you once gave me!"

"All right," said Neptune begrudgingly. "I have a quest for you. You must have an orgy with Nickelback!"

"NOOOOOOooooo!" they all chorused. Even the sirens seemed uneasy.

Stella Starr vomited, as Fabio and Gustavo clutched at each other's abs in fear.

Linda Wimba nervously rubbed her nipples.

Neptune said, "When I created parties, from the essence of sea foam and dubstep from the reflection of the sun on water, this quest--or could I say CURSE--was engrained into the fabric of our reality. This is your only chance, Linda Wimba."

Linda Wimba said, "And if I fail?"

There was actually lightning. And the sirens hid below the water in fear, yet continued their beatboxing, which was muffled under the waves.

"If you fail," thundered Neptune seductively, "then you will forever be a Nickelback-loving prep."

They all simultaneously vomited. And the seagull shat itself, which landed, quite fortunately, next to the Pleasure Barge.

"How long do I have?" asked Linda Wimba.

"You have until the next full moon."

And with that, Neptune/Skrillex did a barrel roll back beneath the rolling waves.

When the sound of the sirens finally died out, the boat occupants were left to the sound of their own shocked breathing. They tried not to be sick as they thought of Nickelback, who was the guy that runs the band, even though it's not in real life. They thought about his hair, the color of urine, and the sickening tunes that escaped the orifice he called a "mouth." Without a word, Linda Wimba revved the motor, and they returned back towards shore. The seagull was gone, because it had probably died from shitting out its soul.

When they reached the shore, Stella Starr turned to Linda Wimba. "I'm sorry I was not completely honest with you. I think we definitely have a good chance to

win this. You have the best shot of all of us. Please tell us, how were you able to stomach that Nickelback dubstep that time in the club? Is it possible that your power surpasses our own?"

Linda Wimba sighed. "I have a confession to make. One time, I fantasized about having an orgy with you four and Nickelback. But it was okay, because it was not real. However, this is real life. And I can only ask of you as my friends and former or possibly potential lovers that you help me."

"We will," they said. "Now let us begin."

### Chapter 7

It had begun.

The clan of starpeople and Linda Wimba commenced their plan to lure Nickelback into a seductive beach-side orgy.

Over the next few weeks, they planned carefully, doing research and crafting blueprints of their plans. They even listened to all of Nickelback's albums to try and find hidden meanings within the songs. During that time, they all vomited so frequently that they each lost five pounds. But they were fortunately able to gain back those pounds by eating whipped cream off each other during their practice rounds.

Finally, when the full moon rose again, they were ready to set their Nickelback Trap. As discussed before, they each assumed the positions they had been assigned.

Linda Wimba, grabbing a shovel, began to dig a hiding pit for herself in the sand.

They were each wearing brand new swimsuits and excessive amounts of tanning lotion. As the seagulls screeched overhead and waves lapped quietly at the shore, Linda Wimba dug herself deeper and deeper into the pit. Fabio, Gustavo, and Stella Starr took turns burying her lovingly, hoping against all hope that their plan would work. Linda Wimba donned a snorkeling mask so that she could breathe under the sand. They hoped that would not be the last they saw of her face.

Then, as the sun began to set, the remaining three lay on the sand. They each removed a bag of small, jingly coins and as the red and orange sky began to darken to blue, each of them placed an abundance of nickels ... on their backs.

And they waited ...

And they waited ...

And they waited ...

And they waited ...

After what seemed to be a shitload of waiting, they heard footsteps approaching.

Bits of sand were picked up and blew in the breeze over their skin. Could it be him?

Could it be ... NICKELBACK?

Yes.

As Nickelback (also known as Chad Kroeger) approached, they could sense the soul patch on his face. Fabio and Gustavo, always shaved and waxed, were threatened by the presence of such impressive facial hair. However, they decided that unlike starfish, humans were complicated and would not judge ... not yet ... Not until the orgy was over.

His hair was long and blond, not unlike Stella Starr's hair. He had a most majestic look in his eyes--the look that could say he could sing with the voice of a thousand angels. Those eyes were blue, sparkling, and entrancing. He smiled in what might have been a grimace, or what was quite possibly his natural smile. His facial hair was dark, striking against his hair--a most finely crafted mullet. He was dressed in swim trunks and a blazer with no shirt. He wore a large armband. As his blond curls bounced in the soft ocean breeze, Nickelback stopped very close to the starpeople lying on the beach.

He crouched down in the sand, entranced by the nickels on their backs. Gustavo tried his best not to shudder in awe at the creature looming over him, capable of such disgusting vocals. Chad Kroeger (aka Nickelback) removed a small bag from his pocket and started to delicately take the nickels back.

Suddenly, as quick as a dick, who popped out of the sand but LINDA WIMBA, completely naked and shining with tanning lotion except for where she was covered with sand which shone like glitter under the full moon! Linda Wimba threw her snorkeling mask aside and revealed that in one hand she was holding a box of condoms and dental dams and in the other hand she was holding a large, industrial-sized bottle of lube like those huge bottles of ketchup that you see at large barbeques or festivals.

Nickelback froze like a photograph. Fabio, Gustavo, and Stella Starr turned their heads to look at him. In the distance, they thought they heard soft music. Look at this photograph ... Every time I do it makes me laugh ...

Nickelback said, "Who are you, and how do you know my weakness?"

Linda Wimba said, "My name is Linda Wimba, nymph of the deep, ex-lover of Neptune himself, supreme DJ, and I am here to inquire if you would fuck us or not."

Nickelback looked surprised, but yet aroused.

Stella Starr, Fabio, and Gustavo cautiously rose from the ground and turned to face their greatest enemy and greatest lover. There was fear, but yes arousal too, for he was even more magnificent and terrible up close than on the album covers.

Stella Starr spoke next. "Would you like to have an orgy with us?" she asked, as Fabio and Gustavo twerked simultaneously at Chad Kroeger.

Chad could not help but to twerk himself. He said, "There is one thing, though ... I will only have sex with the attractive one of those two gentlemen."

Fabio and Gustavo looked at each other. How could either one of them surpass the other in attractiveness? They were made of the same flesh and the same desire. Such a thing was not possible.

**"Who? Who is more attractive?" said Linda Wimba fearfully.**

"That one," said Chad Kroeger (aka Nickelback), pointing to Gustavo.

"But how can Gustavo be more attractive than me?" Fabio cried in agony. "How can a copy be more beautiful than the original?"

"I am not just a copy!" Gustavo ejaculated passionately. "I am my own person! How dare you think of me as just a copy of yourself, Fabio! I thought our relationship was something special, something more than just you doing your clone!"

"What? How could you ever think that I didn't love you?" Fabio said.

They started crying. They cried into each other's eyes.

And then Fabio shoved Gustavo away. "I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU THOUGHT I DIDN'T LOVE YOU."

Gustavio shouted, "I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU THOUGHT I WAS JUST A CLONE."

**"YOU ARE A CLONE. BUT I LOVE YOU."**

They continued to shove each other, and then suddenly, they clutched each other's hands passionately and stared into each other's eyes. They drew closer and closer until they were making out.

They were making out. It wasn't long until they were having passionate sex standing up.

Nickelback was so aroused that, as if drawn by a strong magnetic force, like that between the moon and the tides, he stepped forward to join Fabio and Gustavo. Linda Wimba and Stella Starr shared a glance that was full of shock, surprise, hope, and above all, hope.

Stella Starr stepped forth and started grinding her pelvis against the mass of bodies. Linda Wimba launched herself into the pile--of course getting consent first, as they all did. Although, in the interest of time, we did not include all the exchanges of consent.

From above, it must have looked like a beached sea creature with many arms--a starfish, perhaps.

As their sexual union intensified, the water burbled. Was it Linda Wimba? No, she was in the fray. It was Neptune himself!

"By Neptune's pubes!" Fabio moaned as Chad Kroeger's soul patch caressed his

penis.

Neptune said, "You have done well, my friends."

Mermaids, such that always accompany Neptune (aka Skrillex), emerged from the water, ready to party as per usual. They wished they could join the orgy, but unfortunately they had no legs, and it would have been a pain to barrel roll back into the ocean after they were done.

LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH WUB WUB WUB EVERYTIME I DO IT MAKES ME LAUGH  
WUB WUB WUB HOW DID OUR EYES GET SO RED WUB WUB AND WHAT THE HELL IS  
ON JOEY'S HEAD WUB WUB WUB WUB LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-  
A-A-A-A-A-AAAA-AAA-AA-AGH WUB WUB DROP THE BASSSSSS.

And as the bass dropped they all came simultaneously and seagulls fell out of the sky. And it was done.

They lay in each other's arms, exhausted and satisfied, as Nickelback gave a thumbs-up and nodded like a true bro. They lay there all the next day, too exhausted to move.

As the moon rose the next day, they each rose from the sand and walked toward the sea, each bro-fisting Neptune and the mermaids as they passed through the shallows.

Neptune stopped Linda Wimba and said, "You will always have a place in my heart, nymph Wimba. And for this I give you all a choice. Do you all love each other?"

They all looked at each other and thought simultaneously, Yes, there is nothing I would rather do than live in the arms of these other beautiful people!

Neptune said, "I will turn you all into starfish ... forever. So that you can forever remain beneath the waves, making love to the sounds of my underwater beach party."

They all wept with joy, adding saltiness to the salty ocean, of which they would soon all be a part. Neptune pointed his trident at them all, and made the bass drop prematurely. The LEDs on the tips of the trident blinked in time to the dubstep music.

They all began to feel their limbs shrink until they felt themselves floating in the current, as lightly as stars floating in space.

Neptune picked them up as a bundle and threw them lovingly into the ocean like Frisbees. "Go free, my friends! Go free! Fuck beneath the ocean like passionate creatures of the dance!"

They landed with plops. They sunk beneath the waves and linked each other's starfish arms together so that they formed a pentagram shape.

I suppose Nickelback will have to find a new vocalist now, thought Chad Kroeger. It was his last thought from his human psyche.

And then Fabio said, "I guess this wasn't goodbye ..."

And then Neptune, in the form of an aquatic Skrillex, turned to look at you--yes, you my dear reader! And he said seductively, "So if you ever see a starfish on the beach, it might be Nickelback."

THE END.



## The Universe in a Petri Dish

Greg McCarthy  
3/26/2012

To whom it may concern,

I must begin by apologizing profusely for what I've done. My parents always said that scientific progress would eventually destroy the universe. I guess they were right, I just never thought that I would be the one to destroy us. For that, I am sorry.

I truly cannot say how or when the universe will end. All I know is that it will be violent and cataclysmic. I am truly remorseful that I have brought this horrible fate upon us all and feel I must attempt to provide an explanation as to how such an inconceivable event could occur.

I have been working diligently to develop a vaccine for the HIV virus that has plagued society for so many years. It took me close to 10 years but I managed to create a working vaccine. Of course, I would not be a proper scientist if I didn't examine the biological structure of my masterpiece.

I hunched over the microscope to begin my examination. At 50x magnitude, the compound was mostly empty space, nothing interesting. It took me close to 20 times more to begin to see any sign of my vaccine. As I zoomed farther and farther in, I began to recognize shapes that were remarkably similar to nebulae. By the time I reached the highest magnification, I could see a cluster of cells that resembled the Milky Way.

Shocked at the similarity, I convinced myself that I was just exhausted and hallucinating. I had been working all day, after all. It was easier to believe it was just a trick of the eye. So I headed home to bed.

I rose early the next morning to continue my investigation. I requested the use of an electron microscope from a dear friend and colleague. We met in graduate school, John and I, on the first day of molecular biochemistry. He constantly impressed all with his laboratory prowess, so much so that he graduated with honors after three years. After I completed my schooling, John gifted me with a position in the biomedical lab we work at now. He lent me his microscope on the condition that we catch up over coffee. Of course, I obliged.

John appeared disinterested in the conversation, as he always did. He would only fully commit to anything if he felt he was being intellectually



SHARKESPEARE JON MOTHERFUCKING GARDNER

REDWOOD CITY, Calif. (KGO) – She is back again. Estrella Benavides, known to many as the “sign lady,” has moved her unique protest from Belmont to Redwood City. This time she has become a human signboard. Back in August, Benavides was living on the streets of Belmont, spending her days demonstrating on the corner of El Camino Real and Ralston Avenue with signs scribbled on scraps of cardboard and cloth, whatever she could find. Her encampment stretched 132 square feet. Belmont police warned her that it was blocking the public's right of way. What was her message? “Fight for your rights and freedom and believe in god,” Benavides told ABC7 in August. Benavides was arrested shortly after she was interviewed. She went on trial and a jury convicted her of violating Belmont's encroachment laws. She served her time in jail. “Several agencies have tried to offer her help and she is just determined and set on her course,” Belmont police spokesperson Lt. Pat Halloran said. Halloran says Benavides has money in her bank which she refuses to touch. “As a result, technically she has money so she doesn't qualify as being indigent for any kind of housing or assistance,” Halloran said. Benavides has now set up on Whipple Avenue and Veterans Boulevard, the busiest intersection in Redwood City. She is now clothed from head to toe in signs. This way, police cannot charge her with blocking the sidewalk. “This is the only way I can have four signs together and I'm the sacrificing, moving around, turning around,” Benavides said. Her few belongings and signs referring to god, witchcraft, and government conspiracies are now on a baby carriage. The rest of her things are being held by police. Benavides says she does not have any place to store them. Benavides is fast becoming a fixture in Redwood City. Most motorists there, like in Belmont, wonder what her message is. Benavides says this is her new pulpit. But she is also going to get help but on her own terms and it includes college. “I need to go apply for a job and I'm applying for CSM too,” she said (Copyright ©2013 KGO-TV/DT. All Rights Reserved.)

submitted by Grace Willey



A Poem by Horse\_ebooks

JONATHAN MOTHERFUCKING GARDNER

Lights On  
 Are worldly themes for you?  
 YOU ARE ABOUT  
 Keeping Control  
 in bad weather  
 Then, resolve

Something something more Horse\_ebooks poetry  
 Hearing It Makes All  
 constraint of having  
 Physique And Silhouette  
 into rotary Motion. eating Motion. Motion. Motion.

Horse\_ebooks mourns Polonius's death  
 schemes, draperies,  
 Perhaps you were listening

stimulated, which he rarely was. As I departed, I jokingly mentioned that I saw the Milky Way in my vaccine. My friend looked up from his coffee, inquisitively. He insisted that I show him my vaccine under his electron microscope.

We headed into his laboratory with the petri dish in hand. Once again, I started on the lowest magnification and gradually zoomed in until I came upon the strange compound. He pushed me away from the scope so that he could take a look. All sound left the room for a few minutes while he contemplated the vision under the scope. Eventually, he looked at me for a long while. With a sigh, he told me that I needed to reach a higher magnification to be sure that I'd created the Milky Way but he was quite certain that I'd done something magnificent.

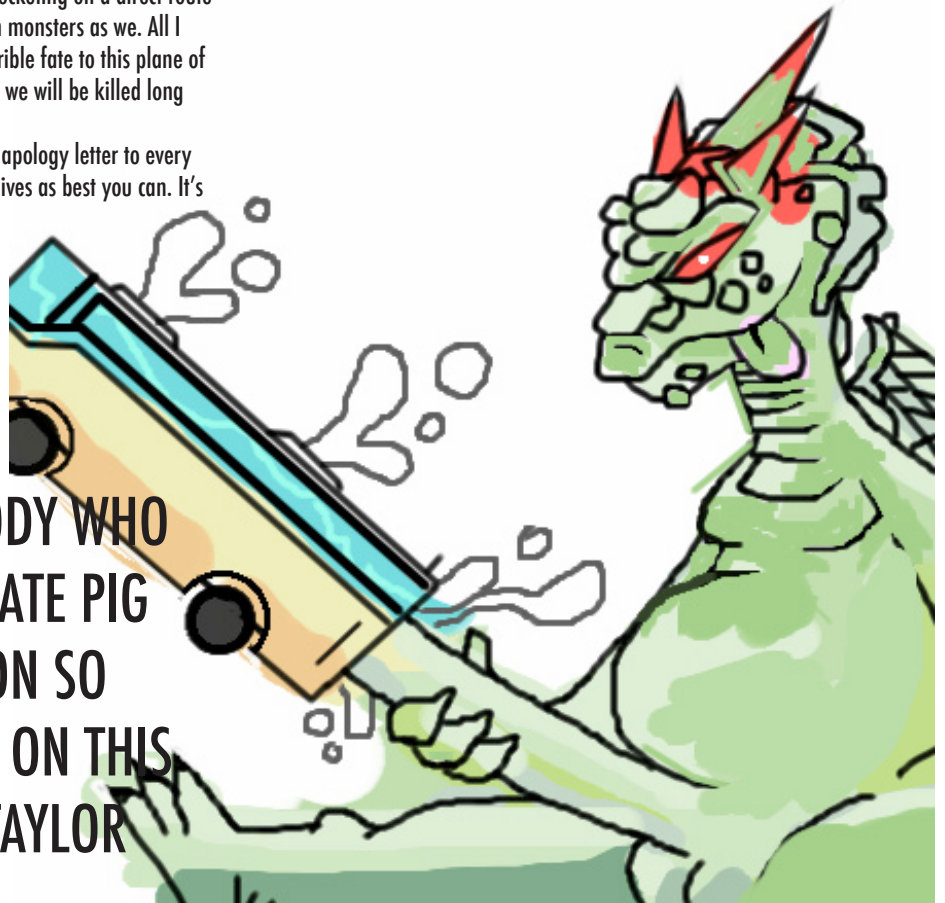
So, I nervously set out to find more universal landmarks within the confines of my experiment. Once again, I zoomed farther and farther in on the scope until I discovered what must have been our Solar System. Feverishly, I raised the magnification to the highest setting. Of course, the focus went horribly awry so I carefully adjusted the knob. As the image slowly became visible, I watched the outline of 9 spherical objects of varying size circling around one gigantic luminescent figure. Time slowed to a stop as the reality of the image dawned upon me. Three spheres away from the central sphere was a moderately sized object of a vivid blue and green orbited by a miniscule white sphere. I nearly fell out of my chair as I ran to inform John of my miraculous discovery.

John exclaimed with elation at the news and we sprinted back into my laboratory so that he could see for himself. In what I now can only describe as an incredible stroke of shit luck, John tripped over a stray beaker and fell wildly into the microscope. We watched in horror as all my work careened to the ground and shattered into a billion apocalyptic pieces.

It is impossible to explain the remorse I feel now that I am sure that we've doomed us all. John and I agreed to take it upon ourselves to dole out justice for our crime against all life. As I write this letter, John is preparing the spacecraft for our execution. Within the hour, we will be rocketing on a direct route for the sun. I don't think that such a fate is fitting for such monsters as we. All I can say is that neither of us deserves to live to see the horrible fate to this plane of existence come to fruition. After all, it's very possible that we will be killed long before that event ever occurs.

I write this letter both as a suicide note and an apology letter to every living thing. I truly hope that you all live the rest of your lives as best you can. It's likely that you will be dead very soon.

I'm sorry and goodbye  
 -William Thoreau



**BIG THANKS TO EVERYBODY WHO  
 CAME OUT TO THE 20th, ATE PIG  
 WITH US, OR PAID TUITION SO  
 WE COULD SQUANDER IT ON THIS  
 BULLSHIT. -F. STEWART-TAYLOR**



14 States We Could Do Without Which Are Probably Also  
Responsible For 9/11  
Jonathan Gardner

- New Jersey
- North Dakota
- South Dakota
- West Virginia
- Iowa
- Nebraska
- Delaware
- Idaho
- Nevada
- Washington
- New Hampshire
- Connecticut
- Missouri
- Wisconsin

JASPER ALT

